

To friends far apart,  
Whom love would bring near;  
Oh! thou art the meetest,  
Tho' lowly thy lot,  
Of blue flower's deepest,  
Forget me not.

## II

Perusing thine eye,  
Each thinks he beholds,  
The thousand friends nigh,  
Whom thy sweet cup holds.  
Thy mirror reflecteth,  
In lovely blue grot,  
What friendship connecteth,  
Forget me not.

## III.

Thou art closed in showers,  
And closed at e'en too;  
Yet bright in those hours,  
Tho' paler thy hue.  
When fortune thus flieth,  
And Friends seem forgot,  
A paler tint dyeth,  
Forget me not,

## IV

Thy blue tints so bright,  
Seem deepest in dye;  
In the sun beam's light,  
When clouds dim the sky,  
And friendship's most shaded,